

BUSINESS TRIALS.

Dr. Talmage Shows How They Re-  
fine the Spirit.

Religion in Trade—The Merchant's  
Office a School of Industry, Pa-  
tience, Integrity and Up-  
right Living.

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Washington, Aug. 27.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage argues that religion may be taken into all the affairs of life, and instead of being a hindrance, as many think, is a reinforcement. The text is Romans 12: 11: "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."

Industry, devoutness and Christian service—all commended in that short text. What, is it possible that they shall be conjoined? Oh, yes. There is no war between religion and business, between ledgers and Bibles, between churches and counting houses. On the contrary, religion accelerates business, sharpens men's wits, sweetens acerbity of disposition, flips the blood of phlegmatics and throws more velocity into the wheels of hard work. It gives better balancing to the judgment, more strength to the will, more muscles to industry and throws into enthusiasm a more consecrated fire. You cannot in all the circle of the world show me a man whose honest business has been despoiled by religion.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups—producers, manufacturers, traders. Producers, such as farmers and miners. Manufacturers, such as those who turn corn into food and wool and flax into apparel. Traders, such as make profit out of the transfer and exchange of all that which is produced and manufactured. A business man may belong to any one or all of these classes, and not one is independent of any other.

When the prince imperial of France fell on the Zulu battlefield because the strap fastening the stirrup to the saddle broke as he clung to it, his comrades all escaping, but he falling under the lances of the savages, a great many people blamed the empress for allowing her son to go forth into that battlefield, and others blamed the English government for accepting the sacrifice, and others blamed the Zulus for their barbarism. The one most to blame was the harness maker who fashioned that strap of the stirrup out of shoddy and imperfect material, as it was found to have been afterward. If the strap had held, the prince imperial would probably have been alive to-day. But the strap broke. No prince independent of a harness maker! High, low, wise, ignorant, you in one occupation, I in another, all bound together.

So that there must be one continuous line of sympathy with each other's work. But whatever your vocation, if you have a multiplicity of engagements, if into your life there come losses and annoyances and perturbations as well as percentages and dividends, if you are pursued from Monday morning until Saturday night, and from January to January by inexorable obligation and duty, then you are a business man, or you are a business woman, and my subject is appropriate to your case.

We are under the impression that the moil and tug of business life are a prison into which a man is thrust, or that it is an unequal strife, where unarmed a man goes forth to contend. I shall show you this morning that business life was intended of God for grand and glorious education and discipline, and if I shall be helped to say what I want to say I shall rub some of the wrinkles of care out of your brow and unstrap some of the burdens from your back. I am not talking of an abstraction. Though never having been in business life, I know all about business men. In my first parish at Belleville, N. J., ten miles from New York, a large portion of my audience was made up of New York merchants. Then I went to Syracuse, a place of immense commercial activity, and then I went to Philadelphia and lived long among the merchants of that city, than whom there are no better men on earth, and for 25 years I stood at my Brooklyn pulpit, Sabbath by Sabbath, preaching to audiences the majority of whom were business men and business women. It is not an abstraction of which I speak, but a reality with which I am well acquainted.

In the first place, I remark that business life was intended as a school of energy. God gives us a certain amount of raw material out of which we are to hew our character. Our faculties are to be reset, rounded and sharpened up. Our young folks having graduated from school or college need a higher education, that which the rasping collision of every-day life alone can effect. Energy is wrought out only in the fire. After a man has been in business activity 10, 20, 30 years, his energy is not to be measured by weights or plummets or ladders. There is no height it cannot scale, and there is no depth it cannot fathom, and there is no obstacle it cannot thrash.

Now, my brother, why did God put you in that school of energy? Was it merely that you might be a yardstick to measure cloth, or a steelyard to weigh flour? Was it merely that you might be better qualified to chatter and

higgle? No. God placed you in that school of energy that you might be developed for Christian work. If the undeveloped talents in the Christian churches of to-day were brought out and thoroughly harnessed, I believe the whole earth would be converted to God in a twelvemonth. There are so many deep streams that are turning no mill and that are harnessed to no factory bands.

Now, God demands the best lamb out of every flock. He demands the richest sheaf of every harvest. He demands the best men of every generation. A cause in which Newton and Locke and Mansfield toiled you and I can afford to toil in. Oh, for fewer idlers in the cause of Christ and for more Christian workers, men who shall take the same energy that from Monday morning to Saturday night they put forth for the achievement of a livelihood or the gathering of a fortune, and on Sabbath days put it forth to the advantage of Christ's kingdom and the bringing of men to the Lord.

Dr. Duff visited a man who had inherited a great fortune. The man said to him: "I had to be very busy for many years of my life getting my livelihood. After awhile this fortune came to me, and there has been no necessity that I toil since. There came a time when I said to myself 'Shall I now retire from business or shall I go on and serve the Lord in my worldly occupation?' " He said: "I resolved on the latter, and I have been more industrious in commercial circles than I ever was before, and since that hour I have never kept a fastling for myself. I have thought it to be a great shame if I couldn't toil as hard for the Lord as I had toiled for myself, and all the products of my factories and my commercial establishments, to the last farthing, have gone for the building of Christian institutions and supporting the church of God." Would that the same energy put forth for the world could be put forth for God. Would that a thousand men in these great cities who have achieved a fortune could see it their duty now to do all business for Christ and the alleviation of the world's suffering!

Again, I remark that business life is a school of patience. In your every-day life how many things to annoy and to disquiet! Bargains will rub. Commercial men will sometimes fail to meet their engagements. Cashbooks and money drawer will sometimes quarrel. Goods ordered for a special emergency will come too late or be damaged in the transportation. People intending no harm will go shopping without any intention of purchase, overturning great stocks of goods and insisting that you break the dozen. More bad debts on the ledger. More counterfeit bills in the drawer. More debts to pay for other people. More meannesses on the part of partners in business. Annoyance after annoyance, vexation after vexation, and loss after loss.

All that process will either break you down or brighten you up. It is a school of patience. You have known men under the process to become petulant, and choleric, and angry, and pugnacious, and cross, and sour, and queer, and they lost their customers, and their name became a detestation. Other men have been brightened up under the process. They were toughened by the exposure. They were like rocks, all the more valuable for being blasted. At first they had to choke down their wrath, at first they had to bite their lip, at first they thought of some stinging retort they would like to make, but they conquered their impatience. They have kind words now for sarcastic flings. They have gentle behavior now for unmannerly customers. They are patient now with unfortunate debtors. They have Christian reflections now for sudden reverses. Where did they get that patience? By hearing a minister preach concerning it on Sabbath? Oh, no. They got it just where you will get it—if you ever get it at all—selling hats, discounting notes, turning banisters, plowing corn, tinning roofs, pleading causes. Oh, that amid the turmoil and anxiety and exasperation of everyday life you might hear the voice of God saying: "In patience possess your soul. Let patience have her perfect work."

I remark again that business life is a school of useful knowledge. Merchants do not read many books and do not study lexicons. They do not dive into profounds of learning, and yet nearly all through their occupations come to understand questions of finance, and politics, and geography, and jurisprudence, and ethics. Business is a severe schoolmistress. If pupils will not learn, she strikes them over the head and the heart with severe losses. You put \$5,000 into an enterprise. It is all gone. You say: "That is a dead loss." Oh, no. You are paying the schooling. That was only tuition, very large tuition—I told you it was a severe schoolmistress—but it was worth it. You learned things under that process you would not have learned in any other way.

Traders in grain come to know something about foreign harvests; traders in fruit come to know something about the prospects of tropical production; manufacturers of American goods come to understand the tariff on imported articles; publishers of books must come to understand the new law of copyright; owners of ships must come to know winds and shoals and navigation, and every bale of cotton and every rascal cask and every tea box and every quarter of bananas is so much literature

for a business man. Now, my brother, what are you going to do with the intelligence? Do you suppose God put you in this school of information merely that you might be sharper in a trade, that you might be more successful as a worldling? Oh, no. It was that you might take that useful information and use it for Jesus Christ.

Can it be that you have been dealing with foreign lands and never had the missionary spirit, wishing the salvation of foreign people? Can it be that you have become acquainted with all the outrages inflicted in business life and that you have never tried to bring to bear that Gospel which is to extirpate all evil and correct all wrongs and illuminate and save men for this world and the world darkness and lift up all wretchedness to come? Can it be that understanding all the intricacies of business you know nothing about those things which will last after all bills of exchange and consignments and invoices and rent rolls shall have crumpled up and been consumed in the fire of the last great day? Can it be that a man will be wise for time and a fool for eternity?

I remark also that business life is a school for integrity. No man knows what he will do until he is tempted. There are thousands of men who have kept their integrity merely because they never have been tested. A man was elected treasurer of the state of Maine some years ago. He was distinguished for his honesty, usefulness and uprightness, but before one year had passed he had taken of the public funds for his own private use and was hurried out of office in disgrace. Distinguished for virtue before. Distinguished for crime after. You can call over the names of men just like that, in whose honesty you had complete confidence, but placed in certain crises of temptation they went overboard.

Never so many temptations to scoundrelism as now. Not a law on the statute book but has some back door through which a miscreant can escape. Ah, how many deceptions in the fabric of the goods! Scoundrel plundering in commercial life that if a man talk about living a life of complete commercial integrity there are those who ascribe it to greenness and lack of tact.

How many men do you suppose there are in commercial life who could say truthfully: "In all the sales I have ever made I have never overstated the value of goods; in all the sales I have ever made I have never covered up an imperfection in the fabric; in all the thousands of dollars I have ever made I have not taken one dishonest farthing?" There are men, however, who can say it, hundreds who can say it, thousands who can say it. They are more honest than when they sold their first tierce of rice, or their first firkin of butter, because their honesty and integrity have been tested, tried and come out triumphant. But they remember a time when they could have robbed a partner, or have absconded with the funds of a bank, or made a false assignment, or borrowed illicitly without any efforts at payment, or got a man into a sharp corner and fleeced him. But they never took one step on that pathway of hell fire. They can say their prayers without hearing the chink of dishonest dollars. They can read their Bible without thinking of the time when with a lie on their soul in the custom house they kissed the Book. They can think of death and the judgment that comes after it without any flinching—that day when all charlatans and cheats, and jockeys and frauds shall be doubly damned. It does not make their knees knock together, and it does not make their teeth chatter to read "as the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them got, so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

What a school of integrity business life is! If you ever have been tempted to let your integrity cringe before present advantage, if you have ever awakened up in some embarrassment and said: "Now, I will step a little aside from the right path and no one will know it, and I will come all right again, it is only once." That only once has ruined tens of thousands of men for this life and blasted their souls for eternity.

A man arose in Fulton street prayer meeting and said: "I wish publicly to acknowledge the goodness of God. I was in business trouble. I had money to pay, and I had no means to pay it, and I was in utter despair, of all human help, and I laid this matter before the Lord, and this morning I went down among some old business friends I had not seen in many years just to make a call, and one said to me: 'Why, I am so glad to see you! Walk in. We have some money on our books due you a good while, but we didn't know where you were, and therefore not having your address, we could not send it. We are very glad you have come.' " And the man standing in Fulton street prayer meeting said: "The amount they paid me was six times what I owed." You say it only happened so? You are unbelieving. God answered that man's prayer.

Oh, you want business grace. Commercial ethics, business honor, laws of trade, are all very good in their place, but there are times when you want something more than this world will give you. That you want God. For lack of Him some that you have known have consented to forge, and to maltreat their friends, and to curse their

HEROISM AT A FIRE.

St. Agnes' Convent at Sparkill  
Completely Gutted.

NUNS AND BOYS DISPLAY GALLANTRY

Four Are Dead, and but For Rapid Work by Inmates Many More Victims Would Have Fallen In the Flames.

SPARKILL, N. Y., Aug. 29.—A fierce fire, swift and terrifying in its destructive power, swept through the group of buildings at St. Agnes' convent yesterday and left in its ashen wake the bodies of four victims. It wiped out nine out of a total of ten buildings in the group, and that it did not claim more victims is due alone to the bravery in the face of danger and death of the Sisters of Charity who conducted the convent and orphanage and the heroism of some of the older inmates.

The fire occurred about 1 o'clock in the morning and found the 400 tenants of the institution asleep. There was a hasty but timely warning that started the heroic work of rescue. Hundreds were got out in almost perfect order, but a score who risked their lives to save others were finally forced to either jump from the upper stories or make desperate dashes through stairways and corridors filled with flame and smoke.

The known dead are: Helen Brown, aged 6 years; Emma Mackin, aged 7 years, June —, aged 70 years, and Mary Kate McCarthy, aged 28 years.

The missing and unaccounted for are: Therese Murphy, aged 16 years, and Mary Brown, aged 4 years.

The fire was discovered in the laundry, a separate building, which stood in the northwest corner of the almost perfect square formed by the ten buildings in the group. It was seen first by Watchman John Lynch, who gave an immediate alarm. The clang of the electric gong and the loud cries of the watchman had hardly begun to ring through the convent before the fire had attacked the arched doorway, and was eating its way into the first dormitory, in which slept 200 boys.

The boys in the first dormitory got the first warning. Sister Reginald, who had trained the lads in the fire drill, rushed down the line of white beds and, arousing the sleepers, clapped her hands, the simple fire signal followed in the orphanage. The little chaps turned out with a rush, and while some waited to hustle into clothes the majority rushed to the front of the building. By that time the second dormitory, where the little shavers slept, was ablaze, and the older lads soon realized that there was work for them to do. To a boy they made a dash for the building and were soon carrying the smaller fellows out. There was death in the flame and death in the smoke, but no one hesitated. The sisters stood at their posts, and little squads of truly great heroes dashed in, bundled up the sleepy waifs and dashed out with them. These lads are the waifs of the streets, the tough little lads that the Gory society reaches out for, but they were offering up their lives for their weaker fellows.

Menture there were other stirring scenes. The convent and chapel made a great stack of flame, and between them and the second dormitory the girls' dormitory blazed and crackled as the fire leaped up its wooden walls. A dozen sisters were cut off in the upper stories of the convent building. They were forced to the windows, and while some climbed out to the sills others knelt at the casements in prayer. There were cries for aid. Engineer L. Otto placed a long ladder against the outer wall and by speedy and heroic work managed to rescue half a dozen. Six were forced to jump for their lives, and fortunately, with one exception, Sister Bertrand, all escaped without serious injury.

The fire reached the girls' dormitory last, but once it took hold of the building it burned fiercely. Most of the girls were on the upper floors, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they were got out. Here again did the sisters make a wonderful display of self sacrifice. They were the last to leave the building.

Shortly after the last of the rescuers left there was a counting of heads, and the discovery was made that two baby enemies, and their names have been bulletined among scoundrels, and they have been ground to powder, while other men you have known have gone through the very same stress of circumstances triumphantly. There are men here to-day who fought the battle and gained the victory. People come out of that man's store, and they say: "Well, if there ever was a Christian trader, that is one." Integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the eternal world flashed through the show windows. Love to God and love to man presided in that storehouse. Some day people going through the street notice that the shutters of the window are not down. The bar of that store door has not been removed. People say: "What is the matter?" You go up a little closer, and you see written on the card of that window: "Closed on account of the death of one of the firm." That day all through the circles of business there is talk about how a good man has gone. Boards of trade pass resolutions of sympathy, and churches of Christ pray: "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." He has made his last bargain, he has suffered his last loss, he has shed with the last fatigue. His children will get the result of his industry, or, if through misfortune there be no dollars left, they will have an estate of prayer and Christian example which will be everlasting. Heavenly rewards for earthly discipline. There "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

boys were missing. They could be nowhere but in the building that seemed completely enveloped in flame. It seemed too late to save them. Suddenly out of the crowd broke John Cody, a 15-year-old boy. He made straight for the door and paid no heed to the calls that warned him of his danger. He gained the corridor and disappeared. It was thought that he would suffocate in the smoke. A minute later Cody came dashing out of the building, and under each arm he carried one of the missing boys. His tearful friends embraced him in their joy.

Firemen came rushing from Piermont and Nyack, but the best they could do was to save the hospital, a large frame two-story building that stood immediately in the rear of the main group. Hundreds of townspeople of Sparkill and the surrounding country gathered very quickly, and they, with the sisters, who quickly recovered their composure, joined in the care of the injured and unhoused children. It was decided to remove the entire party to the Blauvelt mansion, and soon teams were provided and the scantily clad children were being hurried over the hills to that point.

As far as known but one person actually perished in the fire itself. That was Jane, an old pensioner, aged 70 years. She was asleep in the servants' quarters, and if she heard a warning could not heed it. Helen Brown and Emma Mackin died from convulsions that resulted from fright. Kate Mary McCarthy was a servant in the convent and had organic heart trouble. She was badly frightened, collapsed in the grounds and died later. The case of Therese Murphy and Mary Brown is a mystery. It is believed that they both escaped from the fire, but that the former became demented and is leading the other girl in a wild chase through the woods in the Rockland hills.

There were 326 children in the orphanage, 90 of whom were girls, and their ages ranged from 2 to 16 years. Most of them were from New York city and were in most instances committed by the Gory society and city courts. The house was incorporated and got most of its support from public funds, but it also had a private income. The value of the property destroyed is placed at \$150,000, and the insurance is roughly stated to be \$75,000. The heaviest individual loser is Rev. Father Edward Cronin, chaplain, whose library, valued at \$2,500, and entire outfit of personal effects were completely destroyed.

MacVeagh Says Carter Is Innocent.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—The brief of General Wayne MacVeagh's argument in Captain O'Brien M. Carter's behalf before the court martial has been made public. Captain Carter's trial and conviction by the court of embezzling large sums of money from the United States government are known throughout the country. The brief treats the case exhaustively and asserts the absolute innocence of Captain Carter. It denounces as "a sheer and absolute falsehood" the assertion that Captain Carter's friends and attorneys have repeatedly pleaded with the president for him. It denies with equal emphasis that these friends and counsel have tried "to delay or smother investigation into his case." It is declared that Captain Carter has constantly urged the final and immediate disposition of his case.

French Pretender With Guerins.

PARIS, Aug. 29.—The Courier du Soir says it has learned of the importance which the government attaches to the siege of the house in Rue de Chabrol, in which the anti-Semite leader Guerins and a number of his friends have entrenched themselves against the authorities. If true, it explains the reason why the place was not attacked days ago by military. The paper declares that the government believes that one of the pretenders to the French throne, presumably the Duke of Orleans, is in the house with Guerins, and it wishes to capture him alive in view of the proof that his presence would furnish of the monarchist conspiracy. If an assault should be made on the place, it might happen that the pretender would be killed, and this the government wishes to avoid.

Santo Domingo May Have Fallen.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—A cablegram received yesterday by the representative of the Dominican revolutionists in this city from Santiago de Cuba stated that the government had surrendered to the forces of General Jimenez. While the authenticity of the report is questioned, advice from Santo Domingo, which have been delayed in transmission, state that on Friday the revolutionists were only a few hours distant from the capital and that the government was tottering. Advice from correspondents at Cape Haitien and Puerto Plata also tell of insurgent gains and victories and of a truce asked by the government.

Georgia Race Riots Cease.

DARIEN, Ga., Aug. 29.—The race disturbances in McIntosh county have ceased. The military companies are in complete control of the situation, and there has been no further outbreak on the part of the negroes. The negro preachers and political leaders issued a strong appeal to the colored people to give up their arms and to return to their homes, restoring peace in the community. The appeal has had a quieting effect on the riotous negroes.

Working on the Shamrock.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—In a brand new coat of green paint and with her tall topmast on end, the yacht Shamrock looks very much like a racing craft now. Five riggers and the crew of the yacht were at work all day yesterday setting up the rigging fore and aft and sending aloft the masthead runners and other gear. It is quite possible that the Shamrock will be under sail by Thursday.

THE GALLANT TENTH

Reviewed by the President  
at Pittsburg.

TRENDONOUS ENTHUSIASM SHOWS.

Mr. McKinley Makes a Speech In Which He Lauds the Returning Volunteers—Pittsburg's Greatest Day.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 29.—The president reviewed the Tenth Pennsylvania volunteers, just returned from the Philippines, yesterday. The occasion was one of tumultuous enthusiasm. The only thing lacking to make the day one of supreme happiness was the absence of the brave and well beloved Colonel Hawkins, who led the boys in all of their battles and shared in all of their sufferings, but who was denied the privilege of marching at their head when they returned home to receive the plaudits of a grateful people.

Although the people from the surrounding counties began literally "pouring" into the city soon after the dawn of the day, the police had made such preparations that this influx did not create any trouble so as to interfere with the line of march. From the point of starting in Allegheny over 2,000 officers, enrolled for the occasion from the different municipal departments of the two cities, were located along the line at certain intervals, and in this manner the immense concourse of onlookers was kept well under control.

The reception to the Philippine heroes began at New Brighton, Pa., when a committee of prominent Pennsylvanians welcomed them as soon as they had crossed the borders of the state.

After brief exercises and a hearty breakfast tendered by the citizens of New Brighton the regiment was rushed into Allegheny. The train came in three sections, and immediately after the soldiers had disembarked the line of march to Schenley park, where the exercises were to be held, was taken up. The parade moved in the following order:

Mounted police.

Chief marshal. General Charles Miller and staff of Pennsylvania national guard officers.

Carriages containing President McKinley, General Wesley Merritt, General Francis V. Greene, Colonel Secretary Treadwell, representative of Governor Roosevelt; Governor William A. Stone of Pennsylvania and visiting senators, congressmen and other distinguished guests. Delegates from various parts of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Previous to the review of the national guard of Pennsylvania, organized of the First, Fourteenth and Eighteenth regiments and Battery B, under command of General John A. Wiley.

Tenth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel James E. Barnett.

Service men of the Spanish war, commanded by Colonel S. W. Hay.

Reception committee in carriages.

Upon reaching Schenley park the column was reviewed by President McKinley, after which he proceeded to the music pavilion, where the exercises were held. Seats had been provided for 25,000 friends and relatives of the members of the Tenth in front of the music pavilion, but these were filled before the exercises began, and thousands were unable to secure even standing room within hearing distance.

Governor William A. Stone was introduced as chairman of the committee and delivered an address of welcome in behalf of the state.

At the conclusion of Governor Stone's address President McKinley was introduced and, after the applause had ceased, spoke in part as follows:

"Governor Stone and My Fellow Citizens—I am glad to participate with the families, friends and fellow citizens of the Tenth Pennsylvania volunteers in this glad reunion.

"You have earned the plaudits not alone of the people of Pennsylvania, but of the whole nation. Your return has been the signal for a great demonstration of popular regard from your landing in the Golden Gate on the Pacific to your home coming, and here you find a warmth of welcome and a greeting from joyous hearts which tell better than words the estimate of your countrymen and their appreciation of the services you have rendered the country. You made secure and permanent the victory of Dewey. You added new glory to American arms. You and your brave comrades engaged on other fields of conflict have enlarged the map of the United States and extended the jurisdiction of American liberty.

"But, while we share in the joy that is yours, there remain with us softened and hallowed memories of those who went forth with you not found in your ranks today. Your noble colonel, devoted to his men, beloved by his command and respected by his superior officers, gave his life to his country, with many others of his comrades. The nation sorrows with the bereaved. These heroes died for their country, and there is no nobler death.

"The mighty army of volunteers and regulars, numbering over 250,000, which last year responded to the call of the government with an alacrity without precedent or parallel, by the terms of their enlistment were to be mustered out, with all of the regulars above 27,000, when peace with Spain was effected. Peace brought us the Philippines by treaty—cession from Spain. The senate of the United States ratified the treaty. Every step taken was in obedience to the requirements of the constitution. It became our territory and is ours as much as the Louisiana purchase or Texas or Alaska. A body of insurgents in no sense representing the sentiment of the people of the islands disrupted our lawful authority and even before the ratification of the treaty by the American senate were attacking the forces who fought for and secured their freedom.

"This was the situation in April, 1898, the date of the exchange of ratifications.

CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.